



Madison Junior-Senior High School



**The Madigraph
Spring Issue**

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Robert McLaughlin

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THE MADIGRAPH

School Motto: Attempt—Accomplish

MADISON'S TERM HONOR ROLL

September, 1932 to January, 1933

The following pupils have achieved to a high degree in scholarship and citizenship. Madison congratulates them.

12A

William Abelt
John Craft
James DeCarlis

12B

Edmund Burroughs
George Davison
Lenard Griffen
Henry Jungk
Henry O'Connell

11A

Oscar Khump
James Looney
Clare Russell

11B

Walter Ash
Ina Baker
Ralph Bengston
Anthony Dispenza
Frank Duncan
Albert Gilbert
August Hefner
Edward Heiligenthaler
William Hill
Anne House
Ann Kelly
Alfred Mastrodonato
George McWilliams
Paul Paige
Rosemary Seiler
Francis Shevlin
Alvin Snook
Lillian Walker
Catherine West

10A

Vivian Barbour
Nunzio Borgese
Winifred Bowker
Charles Bushnell
Ruth Dries
Leo Goldman
Marvin Hack
Herbert Heffer
Frederick Holderle
Charles McAllister
Donald McCowan
Betty Pancoast
Marjorie Parker
William Peer
Elsa Marie Reith

Margaret Rathbun
Fred Rice
Ellis Robinson
Janet Rosenthal
Marion Sisson

10B

Myron Bantrell
Veronica Barry
Eleanor Bergman
Eva Bird
Jeannette Borgese
Robert Graby
Marian Heuer
Evelyn Johnson
Mary Mazurkiewcz
Helen McGrath
George Mutch
Arthur Rissberger
Eileen Rooney
Dorothy Schriever
Alice Shankman
Catherine Shevlin
Eddy Smythe
Barbara Stebbins
Rita Twitchell
Doris Ulp
George Wernz
Ethel Whaley

9B

Alvira Andrews
Martha Atwood
Virginia Bettys
Milton Brown
Katherine Bushnell
Duncan Cleaves
George Connell
George Dawson
Virginia Dugan
John Ehrhart
Helen Ferkamin
Edna Friedberg
Jacob Gaudino
William Gay
Helen Louise Graham
Richard Halsey
Esther Imfeld
Ruth Jardine
Arline Jockley
Glen Kerr
Albert Kingsley
Helen Kleisley
Hazel Kunkle

Edith Lenhard
George Levy
Joseph Licato
Frederick Lindsay
Dorothy McGraw
Barbara Munger
Velora Noble
Lloyd Olson
Norman Parkhill
Tom Pryor
Mary Esther Reed
Marion Richardson
Betty Schoen
Ruth Schoen
Robert Smiley
Bernice Spacher
Ruth Spitz
Hannah Unger
Stuart van Orden
Elizabeth Welch
Doris Willey

8A

Edna Evans
Ellen Fett
Stuart Forest
Ruth Haass
Harold Harnish
Ruby Heffer
Florence Leavenworth
Dorothy Meech
Foster Miller
Fred Newhall
Elsie Snyder
Mary Jane Storm
Edward Trautman
Marion Weber
Donald Williams
Robert Williams
Wesley Young

8B

Norman Anderson
Ruth Berghorn
Eleanor Bettys
Harry Butler
Bessie Cassine
Helen Cooper
Millicent Crandall
Elizabeth Emery
Roger Erskine
Frances Fay
Mary Ann Foley
Marjorie Hiltbold

Betty Jane Jones
Betty Kellogg
Alice Little
Rose McCabe
Frank Merchant
Grace Mills
Barbara Reisert
Jean Rissberger
Evelyn Rose
Robert Rothfus
Russell Sage
Lucile Schleyer
Helen Shakeshaft
Virginia Snearly
Mildred Steele
Marjorie Sturdy
William Tew
William Thompson
Mary Trezise
Elizabeth Whitney
Lawrence Young

7A

Ruth Berkowitz
Walter Buczek
Robert Cooper
Mary Fortin
Basil Gath
Jean Gresens
John Haldane
Frances Lakeman
Anne Martin
Mildred Newhall
Frank Phillips
Jean Rapp
Annette Thom
Jean Whitney

7B

Clarence Bissel
Eleanor Bolt
Mary Caruana
Mary Lou Davis
David Farrington
William Haberneck
Esther Lipsky
Gertrude McLaughlin
Mary Louise Thompson

LITERARY



Franklin Delano Roosevelt

By L. M. Livingston

Into the whirling maelstrom of the most complex political and economic upheaval in the history of the United States has entered a dominant figure.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, thirty-second president of the United States, was ushered into office on the fourth day of March to

the blare of military bands and the cheers of the greatest inaugural audience assembled in Washington in many years, to face one of the most serious situations that ever confronted a chief executive.

War is a terrible and awful thing, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt faced on his entry into office a war

as terrible and awful as a war of shot and shell a war of economic destruction where, instead of shattered ramparts and crippled bodies, the debris of the battlefield is built of shattered morale and crippled institutions.

No blare of trumpets and waving of flags marked the path of the foe he has been called upon to combat with all the resources at his command, but a trail of broken hopes, blasted ideals, and mob hysteria.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt acted as his distinguished namesake, Theodore Roosevelt, acted on that fateful day in '98 when military blunderers exposed their commands to a decimating fire from the rifle-pits of El Caney and the brain-scorching rays of a tropical sun while they argued the silly question as to who should direct the attack. On that day that other Roosevelt, a mere lieutenant-colonel of a volunteer cavalry regiment, smashed precedent, and throwing red-tape aside, led his own troops and the discouraged regiments alongside them in a victorious charge on the Spanish position.

Skilled in the strategy of national politics and afraid of no man, Franklin Delano Roosevelt in less than twenty-four hours demonstrated to a watching world that he was no mere puppet dancing on invisible strings but a born leader and a born fighter.

Like that other Roosevelt the new President had no time for red-tape or silly conventions. Men, women, and children were starving! Financial structures tottered! The wheels of industry were idling! The situation called for a leader and Franklin Delano Roosevelt answered that call, not with flowery messages, bourses speeches, or silly idealism, but straight-from-the-shoulder action. Twenty-four hours of Franklin Delano Roosevelt stirred even the most apathetic residents of the Capital into action, and under the

leash of the stinging indictments of a man who was not afraid to face facts, a nation turned from temporization to reconstruction.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt upset the predictions of those, thought wise in political knowledge. He has proved himself the man of the hour. Born at Krum Elbow on the majestic Hudson, January 30, 1882, he is a lineal descendant of Claes Martenszan van Rosenvelt who came to New Amsterdam from Holland in 1649.

On March 17, 1905, he married Miss Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, niece of the late President Theodore Roosevelt. President Roosevelt was graduated from Harvard in 1904 and from Columbia Law School in 1907. He made his entrance into the political field in 1910 as State Senator from Dutchess County. He was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1913. During the World War this position demanded great executive capacity and Mr. Roosevelt very ably carried out the exacting duties of this highly important office, resigning the office in 1920 to make a vigorous fight for the vice-presidency on the ticket with James W. Cox but was unsuccessful. In August 1921 he was suddenly stricken with infantile paralysis and for several months his life was despaired of. He had been a crack tennis player, swimmer, sailor, and general athlete. The disease left him with his legs paralyzed, but by sheer pluck and patience he fought his way back to health and the governorship of a great state. From Chief Executive of the Sovereign State of New York, Franklin Delano Roosevelt became Chief Executive of the United States.

At Harvard Mr. Roosevelt was a member of Alpha Delta Phi and Phi Beta Kappa. He is a 32° Mason, Episcopalian, and a member of the Harvard, Manhattan, Knickerbocker, and Century Clubs of New York City. His hobbies are ship models, naval prints, histories, relics, and stamp collections.

Logical, determined, unafraid, and rich in common sense; Franklin Delano Roosevelt takes the helm of the ship of state with the complete confidence of a nation sorely tried by adversity.

★ Interview With James Wilson

Stromsberg, Nebraska, probably didn't have the slightest inkling that on October 8th, in the year nineteen hundred A. D., it was the jumpoff place in the colorful life of Mr. James E. Wilson, adventurer extraordinary. After having heard this exceedingly interesting young man discuss his varied and exciting adventures to a highly delighted audience, we found it hard to believe, the confession of his early bashfulness. In high school, he turned his interests to machinery and inechanical devices. At home he had his own workshop cluttered up with spare parts of engines, also old motors. All of his short, but adventurous life, he has been interested in radio and almost any mechanical apparatus. His yearning for these interests led him to the University of Nebraska where he studied to prepare himself to earn an existence. He followed this track for three years until he found out that he was the world's worst mathematician, and (some consolation for the Intermediate-algebra students) as he so aptly put it, he

changed to economics, and managed to wheedle a degree out of the college authorities.

As a musician, he is just as versatile as he is as an adventurer. Mr. Wilson is a proficient performer on almost any instrument, having a love for music, and also faith in his own playing. African native dancers, as well as Broadway's élite, were subject to the charms of his banjo and saxophone respectively. During a sleepless night, he arose and heard the throb of primitive tom-toms, rousing his intellectual curiosity. Arriving at the scene of activities, he immediately proceeded to frighten the negroes back into the woods, not because of the lack of beauty sleep, which he had forgone in order to witness the striking scene, but they were not used to having white visitors at that hour. Then and there his banjo came into prominence. The dauntless, sandy-haired explorer sent the natives into frenzied delight with the harmony and skill of his musical attempts. In even this faraway spot, he had his desire to trip the light fantastic, teaching a native girl the intricacies of the rumba, and then proceeding to perform with her in accredited fashion. New York, also, was the scene of one of his musical ventures. "Jimmy" Wilson ably executed the rhythms of a dance orchestra with which he earned a livelihood in a night club until it was "padlocked." (He thinks it was closed due to the disturbance caused by him and his instrument). In addition to this he is a singer of ability. P. S.—Not a crooner.

The chap with the infectious smile attempted to trip up the west coast of Alaska on water and then

on foot into the gold mining district and the lumber camps, where he and "Tubby" Flood went broke and had to work their way out. Francis Flood, his college chum, called Tubby because of his appropriate appearance, also accompanied him on his eventful journey across Africa on motorcycle. Due to a ship captain's inability to spell his paternal grandfather's name, Wigilius, he inherited the name Wilson. His grandfather, a Norwegian, was an early pioneer, and Mr. Wilson has certainly lost none of the desire for adventure, characteristic of his ancestors.

Until college he had no time for women, but in 1928 he succumbed, and now he says he has absolutely no regrets. His next trip will carry him through the Southern Pacific waters with his wife as first mate on their small yacht. Mr. Wilson's personality will not make any enemies for him, that is certain. A strong handshake reveals that a person is sincere, and there is no exception in Wilson's case, as we found out after our impromptu interview with the ex-English teacher.

—Ralph Chamberlain and
Kenneth Mason, 11A-2.

★ Our Nurse, Miss Burt

On a certain Friday afternoon, two lads, interested in securing an interview, were accosted by Mrs. Frasier while they were wandering through the halls. Mrs. Frasier took them to the office of Miss Burt, our school nurse, and introduced them. Miss Burt graciously granted them an interview.

Miss Lulu Burt's first insight into nursing was acquired while helping

to care for her two younger brothers. Later, while teaching in a country school in Orleans County, she helped vaccinate pupils during a small-pox epidemic. Shortly after, she started her interesting training as a nurse. After a strict examination she was enrolled as a student in a class of eighteen at Genesee Hospital in this city. The course was then, as now, three years. The course for a nurse of her time was much more difficult than the course of the present time. As a contrast, the nurse of that time worked from twelve to fifteen hours a day, but now a nurse works only eight hours a day. Now the nurses have parties and dances, but then they only had a Christmas party. They were expected to do anything from caring for a patient to scrubbing floors.

After graduating, Miss Burt took extension courses at the Rochester Public Health Society, Tuberculosis Association, and New York University. Following this she served as a private nurse for ten years. However, not caring for this work, since it was very unsteady, she became more interested in factory or school nursing. Shortly afterwards she was called to supply for the nurse at Number 9 School. This started her school nursing career. During the February of that year, after working for a month at that school, examinations were held as to the ability of a nurse to work in a school. After passing this with high standing, she was given a permanent position under Mr. Zornow at Number 27 School. At the opening of Madison Junior High School, she was given the position of nurse under Mr. Zornow. Here she has about 3,000 students under her care. There is never a dull moment for her, since she has, besides sick pupils to take

care of, weight and measure tables to keep up to date and to file on permanent record cards.

When asked about the progress of nursing since her time, she said that when nurses entered the contagious ward, which she laughingly called the "pesthouse," they had to remain there, cut off from all contact, from twelve to fourteen weeks. Now a nurse entering a contagious ward is under no restrictions and can come and go as she pleases. At that time a diphtheria patient was considered dead, but now anti-toxin is administered, and very few patients die. Toxin-anti-toxin is now given to prevent diphtheria and typhoid. Pneumonia, then absolutely fatal, is now prevented and treated with serum. Insulium is now administered for the treatment of diabetes.

Hospitals are restricting their nursing classes because the profession is becoming too crowded. At the time of Miss Burt's preparation, however, there was a great future in nursing.

Therefore, students, hats off to Miss Burt for her long and faithful service to Madison and its pupils.

—Warren A. Rogers and
George Hamblett, 11A

★ Mr. Al. Sigl Thinks That Students Should Get All the Education That Is Possible

The well-known and popular newspaper man and radio announcer, Mr. Al. Sigl, in a recent interview said that all students should get the most education that is possible. A future newspaper worker should absolutely continue through school.

Mr. Sigl has been connected with newspapers for thirty years. He has had a chance to leave this work

twice and has returned in both instances.

When asked if he enjoyed his radio broadcasts, he replied, "I do enjoy broadcasting, but anything that is a routine, day in and day out, becomes a little bit tiresome and monotonous."

"I do not," continued Mr. Sigl, "think that broadcasting news decreases the circulation of a newspaper. If it does anything it 'wets the people's appetite.' The general public is not satisfied with the sketchy part of the news which can be put on the air. Broadcasting news also promotes good will. I come to this conclusion through the number of people, both far and wide, that come to see this broadcast."

Mr. Sigl likes a newspaper that puts interpretation into its news. He does not like just the plain dry facts, such as the New York Times prints. Mr. Sigl cited the Rochester Herald as a paper that he hated to see go.

When asked about the Rochester School System the well known newspaper man replied, "If the Rochester School System gets in return what it sets out to acquire then those of the Rochester System should be satisfied."

Concluding, Mr. Sigl informed me that a newspaper man has not the chance to become a well known business man.

— Ernest G. Wiard, IIT-A-1

Interview With Charlie Wilson

Clinton, South Carolina, little realized that on the morning of January 13, 1906, that Mrs. Wilson's baby boy, Charlie, was to become one of the most popular and sensational players in the Cardinal chain.

This future St. Louis shortstop attended high school in his home town, attaining prominence through his athletic prowess. After graduating from high school, he studied at Presbyterian College, a denominational school, where he also excelled in athletics. Charlie, besides playing four years of baseball and football, also was "weight man" on the track squad, and a stellar basketball performer. During his high school career, he turned down an offer to turn professional with the Detroit "Tigers" in order that he might finish his schooling.

In the spring of '28, the Cardinals called Wilson to the fold, and almost immediately he was "farmed out" to Topeka for seasoning. After playing short there for the remainder of the season, he returned home, and the following spring saw him with Dansville, of the Three I league. Near the tail end of the '29 season, he was promoted to the Rochester "Red Wings," the latest addition to the Cardinal system. Spring training of 1930 brought Wilson to the Boston "Braves" of the National League. Refusal of the Cardinals to sell their prodigy, despite the liberal offer of this club, caused him to return to Rochester, for the Cardinals were not in need of him as yet. The "Swamp Baby" did some sensational "third-basing" for Rochester in 1931, and because of his exceptional hitting and fielding ability, he spent the last month of the 1932 season with St. Louis. This year, of course, has not been definitely decided upon, but Charlie has high hopes of becoming regular shortstop for the men of Gabby Street.

During the exceptionally interesting interview with the sandy-

haired, likeable young athlete, he related some of the high spots of his baseball experience. His biggest thrill with the "Red Wings" came during the opening game in 1930, that is up until the ninth inning, when he ingloriously "booted" one, and received a very fine booping. However this started the most spectacular batting streak of his colorful career. While on this spree, he won two ball games in Baltimore, saved some games from the debit side of the ledger, and figured largely in the success of the pennant bound "Wings". Another instance, or which he is justly proud, is when he broke up Dazzy Vance's well pitched game with a ringing homer into the right field bleachers. However, the greatest thrill of his life came on the morning of October sixth, last year, when he became the proud father of a baby boy.

One of Charlie's pet hobbies, he told us with his characteristic southern accent, is shooting and hunting in the off season. He was called "Two Gun Charlie" because he "toted" a holstered gun when he came North. The Anti-Superstition Society, Rochester Branch, has honored him with the title of honorary president.

As he discussed the prospects of the different clubs for the year, he stretched himself a little bit, and showed his broad shoulders and arm muscles. No wonder he can hit and whistle a ball over to first base like a bullet. Chicago, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis are the teams which the easy-going Mr. Wilson picks to make a bid for the National League bunting.

"Two Gun" related the inside story of the series against the

"A's". Perhaps Philadelphia was, as Mr. Wilson aptly puts it, too cocky. Anyway look up your series results, and note that Pepper Martin was the hero. In the series he hit his batting stride, and when he got on base . . . Micky Cochran got gray hair. "Swampy Sr." says that Martin had a lot of bad breaks last year, and that he ought to get going this year. While on the subject of World Series, Charlie said that he had never been in one, but if he played in this one, he would almost be willing to pay our expenses to the game.

"Swampy Jr." resembles his more illustrious father in appearance, and he seems to have inherited the characteristic grunt, for which "Papa" Wilson is world famous. Charlie hopes that his offspring will soon be able to fill his shoes, but for success as his father's, he must not forget what appears to be his favorite trick, that headlong slide into third. Maybe the youngster will invent some way to keep his pants from getting full of dirt on this hair raising sojourn through space and through the dust. The uppermost thing in Charlie's mind is young "Swampy's" future, which puts him in the class of a real dad.

We thanked Charlie for the interview and shook hands with him. His handshake put him in a class of his own. I think he could easily qualify as an official greeter. The iron grip conveys the idea that he means it. Anybody who couldn't get along with that good looking, stockily built "kid", is too fussy for us. Yes, we hope to see him get a long way in baseball—and write his name in big letters for the future ball fans.

—Albert E. Gilbert and

Ralph B. Chamberlain, 11A-2.

Learning To Fly

After a rigid examination by three doctors, I went to the Rochester Municipal Airport for my first flying instruction.

Raymond P. Hylan, chief pilot for the Welch Flying Service, gave me a helmet and I climbed into the rear cockpit of a Waco biplane.

After a brief explanation of the instruments and controls we took off. I watched the stick go forward and felt the tail rise off the ground. The plane gathered speed, soon reaching 500 feet. At this point my instructor gave me the controls. Everything went smoothly until I heard a voice over the earphones say, "Get that nose down." I shoved the stick gently forward, keeping the nose of the ship on the horizon.

"Allright," exclaimed the instructor, "Now try a left bank." I moved the stick slowly to the left, easing my left foot on the rudder pedal at the same time. Mistakes were quickly corrected, and I might say here, that advice given a student is not readily forgotten. When I had practiced landings and take-offs for approximately three hours there was talk of a solo flight, the biggest thrill in learning to fly.

One clear day I went aloft for a short lesson. My first two landings were very poor, and the chance for a solo flight left my mind. My third landing was much better, and when I prepared take-off again the instructor climbed from the front cockpit and said, "Try it alone once." I shall never forget the sensation, but it was no time for stalling. I opened the throttle wide and took off. The ship climbed rapidly without the weight of the instructor, and at 900 feet I turned over the Genesee River. When I closed the throttle and started to glide to

the airport, the runway ahead looked like a pencil mark. The field increased in size, the ground coming up in a blur.

I leveled off and the wheels cushioned on the cinders of the runway. I am now building up solo time for my private pilot's license.

— Jack Jenkins, 11B-2

School Days of the Canadian Prairies

Most boys and girls like to spend a few weeks of their vacation on a farm. Very few children ever get to a cattle ranch or homestead. They think it's loads of fun, just to get up with the sun and work hard all day long for a short while, but very few would like to earn a living in this way. It so happens that I was brought up on just such a ranch. This particular ranch happened to be in an ideal spot, in northwestern Canada, namely Saskatchewan.

A little one-room cabin of a frontier type was my birth place. Here under the careful guidance of my mother and older sister, I learned the first steps in defending myself in a world which would be very strange to most of you. My father gained our living, simple as it was, by operating a homestead. Our nearest neighbors were two miles away in a little settlement called Vera, and our "city" consisting of about five hundred inhabitants was seventeen miles to the southeast. Our lives centered around the little settlement which boasted of a store, a blacksmith shop, a railroad station, grain elevators, and stock yards, and a few residences.

It was at this little place that my father transacted almost all of his business. Every spring when the

market was at its height and the great demand for cattle came, he would drive the herd to the stockyards where they were loaded into cattle cars and shipped to Winnipeg, Chicago, or some other important buying center, and sold. When the agent by whom our section was represented had disposed of the stock and received his cash receipts, he took a small percentage and sent checks for the balance to the various owners.

When I was about six years old, my father allowed me to take part in my first roundup. I can still remember how thrilled I was when he gently shook me and told me it was five bells and time to begin our day's work.

In the fall came the great harvest. Men of every description and from every direction poured in on the farmers to help with the threshing. When my sister and I awoke in the morning, the men were already hard at work. After all the grain had been threshed, it was shoveled into wagons and taken to the elevators to be loaded into box cars and sent to Winnipeg or Regina. I was a close and quiet observer of all that went on, and I am safe in saying that I learned a great deal from it.

Right after a disastrous drought, my father sold his homestead and brought the family east to a little farm in the Adirondacks. Here we lived for about a year. Then my mother became dissatisfied with the hardships of this sort of life, and we moved to Rochester. I could now attend school regularly. Dad obtained a position with the New York State Railways which he still has, and I obtained a paper route

with the *Journal American*. When I had earned enough money, I joined the Y. M. C. A. and I am still a member. I worked my paper route for four years and then gave it up for a position with the Brown Street division of the Wegman stores.

I have spent almost three years of my life in Madison and I expect to graduate in June; but even though there are modern gyms, a swimming pool, and every facility to make our school days memorable ones, I often long just a little bit for my old rough and tumble ranch-boy life and the dingy little white school house in the far away Canadian wilds.

—Paul Nachtwey, 9A-7.

★ "Fording" the Continent

The following composition was written last term as an English assignment.

One day in July 1928, I started westward with my parents. We had an old Model T Ford to take us to our destination, for we had no intention of returning. The first night on the road we camped at Westfield, N. Y. The next day, July 4, we started for Warren, Ohio to visit relatives. As the car was badly in need of repairs, we stopped in Erie, Pa., where it was quickly restored to its normal condition. After arriving at Warren, we could not locate our relatives, so we tarried two days searching for them. Finally, after we had located them, we were off again. The next large city we reached was St. Louis, Mo., where we received money from home as we were badly in need of it by that time. After a few days of work in this city, we decided to continue our journey, pushing on

to Denver, Col., where my father had obtained temporary employment.

After spending two weeks at labor, we pressed on to Cheyenne, Wyo., where I secured a job helping a proprietor attend to his camp. During my stay in Cheyenne, the annual rodeo was taking place. Here I obtained employment. A rodeo is very similar to our carnivals. They have stands for amusements. The most spectacular happenings are the broncho busting, calf tying, steer riding, and other interesting feats.

After leaving Cheyenne we arrived in Boise, the capital of Idaho, where we amused ourselves by visiting old and interesting places. As there was no work obtainable, we went on to Pocatella, where we were employed picking watermelons. The watermelons were picked in a very peculiar manner. After you cut the melon from the vine, you pass it along a line of men to the wagons where the melons are loaded and taken to the barn to be piled in very neat and high mounds, and then we continue in the same way for hours. Cantaloupe and tomatoes were picked and packed while they were green; the cantaloupes were packed into crates, taken to the city and shipped to various parts of the country. The tomatoes were packed in crates and sent directly to the canning factory where they were made into chilisauce. Wages were paid according to the amount of work that was done. Sometimes we were paid by the day, and other times by the number of crates we picked.

We earned enough money to help us as far as Portland, Oregon. As our money was exhausted by that time, we were forced to seek work.

We obtained a job picking cucumbers. The wages we received was fifteen cents per hundred pounds. The pickles were put into burlap bags and tied securely. They were then sent to the pickle works where they are soon canned and distributed about the world.

The work in the pickle fields was soon finished, so we went still farther northwest into Dallas, Oregon, where my father inquired about a job in a lumber camp. He was told to report to work the next day, while I went to work in a plum orchard.

Here the plums were shaken from the trees with long poles. They were then picked from the ground into bushel boxes. For this work we were paid seven cents per bushel.

The plums are then sorted and placed into a very large kiln where they are left for several days; they are then taken out and spread on long strips of canvas to dry again. They are placed in a kiln of higher temperature where they are dried to the right degree. When they are taken out the second time, they are very delicious prunes, ready to be put into packages and shipped to other cities and towns.

As the work was finished there, we went on to Sacramento, California, where we camped about three weeks. During the time we were there, I obtained a job topping sugar beets for a Japanese farmer. The beets are very large and sweet. They were pulled from the ground in big bunches by a man who puts them in large piles. Another man followed him topping them into a large box which he dragged along beside him. They were sent to the mill where they are crushed into syrup which is then purified and made into sugar.

From Sacramento we advanced to

San Francisco through the Golden Gate, across the San Francisco Bay. In the middle of the bay stands San-Quentin, the famous military prison where soldiers are punished for wrong doing. There had never been an escape from this prison. Upon arrival in this city, the first sight your eyes rest upon is the splendid buildings and the new ten-million dollar post office and city hall, just completed. It is a very beautiful city; magnificent parks and drives adorn this lovely place.

Upon leaving this city the first spectacle we observed was the large citrus trees heavily laden with oranges, lemons, and grapefruit, also trees bearing olives, apples, nuts, and figs. We passed through several medium-sized cities. Just before entering San-Jose (san a za) we witnessed a terrible accident. A Greyhound bus had tipped over into a ditch, hurting several passengers, one very severely. I, with many other men and boys, climbed into the wreckage and helped the injured passengers to safety and removed the baggage to the owners.

We then proceeded to Monterey, the home of the Del Monte Packing Company, packers of all kinds of vegetables, fruits, and sea foods. A sight worth watching is the fishing schooners unloading their catch, varying in weight from one to fifty tons of sardines. Another interesting thing is the antiquated huts of the fisherman.

As we progressed on our way across the wide open spaces, we sighted the beautiful city of Pasadena, "The city of Roses," noted for its lovely homes and flowers. It is also noted for the number of movie stars that reside there. We visited my aunt and uncle

for several days where we had a grand and joyous time.

After leaving Pasadena, passing through Hollywood, we sighted some snow-capped mountains. We then entered the Imperial Valley which is famous for its large lettuce and celery fields, some as large as 15,000 acres.

It was a wonderful sight, seeing these men loading produce into cars for shipment to eastern points.

We then took a side trip to Mexicali, the famous resort of Mexico, which is noted for its huge track and also large gambling houses. They have very beautiful homes and gardens where the flowers bloom the whole year round. Our return trip was filled with experiences also, but I shall tell about that some other time.

— Clifford Sargent, 8A-11

Fixing A Flat Tire

Whenever we have a flat, no matter how near a repair garage we are, my father says he can do it and why waste money.

Dad gets out and tells us to follow suit. He takes off the car seat, fumbles around, and finally finds the jack. When everything is all set he can't find the jackhandle.

"What happened to that crank?" he yells, "won't someone try to find it?"

After searching in various places he finds it beside the jack; so with a little grumbling about the thick-headedness of the family he jacks up the axle.

After removing the tire and tube he can't find the hole where the tire was punctured. In the end he finds he has the wrong tire.

"Whew," says he, "Now how am I going to get this tube in the tire?"

After a moment of thinking he

"Darn these valves!" he says, "I ought to invent something to improve 'em."

After spending a quarter of an hour on a good tire he jacks up the flat one. He finally finds the hole and proceeds to remove the piece of glass on which he cuts his finger.

Dancing around the road he yells, "Help, hurry up with the fixin's." When the iodine is administered he screams and protests, but after it is done he is all right. Then he starts looking for the patching case.

After yelling at us he finds it on the running board. "Heck," he says, "What's the matter with your eyes?"

When he gets ready to mend the tire he gets the stickum all over his fingers and can't get them loose.

"Get this off my finger," he says sarcastically, "and hurry it up."

After a period of ten minutes he gets his fingers free and proceeds with the tire.

When it is fixed all the air is out of the tire and he can't find the pump. "Where's that pump," says he, "hurry up and find it. It can't be far away as I had it a minute ago."

Mother remarks that he left it home. She says she saw it hanging up, but father disagrees. In the end he walks to the repair garage we had passed just before the flat and gets a pump. Then he pumps up the tire, but he gives it too much air and it bursts. "Darn the luck," he exclaims, "put everything away and get into the car." We drive back to the garage, and the tire is so bad we have to buy a new one.

When we return home he says, "It was the pump's fault. Something was the matter with it."

Mother says it was no such thing and that hereafter we will go to a repair garage.

Dad still grumbles about the luck of some people.

—John Haldane, 7A-C

Apologies of an Inkwell

One day as Sir Inkwell surveyed his surroundings with a calm but glassy stare, his watery blue eyes rested on the Duchess of Penholder, who brought unhappy memories to him. He then consoled himself by saying, "I'll soon find a way to avenge myself. Imagine a lady like the Duchess associating with that silly young fellow, Mr. Green Ink, dressed in a cheap glass bottle while my suit is of fine cut glass."

Soon Miss Willard entered and wrote a note with the green ink.

"Humph," grumbled Sir Inkwell "even Miss Willard has forsaken me, but soon they'll be sorry."

In a few minutes Miss Willard decided to mark report cards and use the blue ink. Just as she dipped her pen into the ink, Sir Inkwell remarked, "Now is my chance," and splash! The ink nearly drowned the poor duchess, while it even strained Miss Willard's hand, making her very angry.

"Well," she said, "this pen is ruined now, and I don't think I'll use the patent inkwell anymore either," and she promptly placed both in the wastebasket.

Sir Inkwell looked bashfully at the Duchess and apologized, "I guess people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw ink!"

—Elsa Marie Reith, 11B-5

This Is Not A Class Prophecy

Ici on parle français. That is to say that French is the language that should be spoken in Miss Lauderdale's room. Modesty forbids further comment upon the subject. I prefer to bring to you the delights (?) of learning French under the Five Year Plan. After five years of studying grammatical rules, we belatedly let the air out and it goes in his face.

gin casting about for slang as a shorter means of learning to talk French. If it works in English (out of school) it should work in French.

Fourth period in Miss Lauderdale's room is a scene that only a genius could describe. Such famous personages as Ken Mason, Warren Rogers, Earl Anderson, and Lenard Griffen are gathered in this room. (One wonders for what.) Ken Mason's dramatic ability is not wasted in room 374, however. He does an impersonation of Mrs. Perrichon with the same well-known vigor for which he is famous as a cheer leader. Lenard may be remembered as the man (not forgetting grandpop) in that ravishing stage production, "Oh Kay". The others mentioned above receive honorable mention as being potential heroes.

History is being made in our versatile teacher's class room. I mean to say France is receiving the special attention of the artistic in one of our other French classes. Models of France adorn the walls, and as I am no judge of art, I invite you to see them for yourself.

If all the mistakes made by our classe de français were recorded on paper, it would take seven hundred thousand teachers one hundred years to correct them. (We thank the technocrats for the valuable assistance rendered in gathering this data). I hope I have impressed upon your mind the supernatural powers that Miss Lauderdale surely possesses to be able to teach, whether successfully or not, our class.

Class singing is made worthwhile by the girls, and for that they should be given a cheer. I do not forget that there are boys in the grade. I'd like to.

Without, I hope, presuming upon your credulity, I claim that we, of the fourth period class, enjoy our French class in the comradely manner that only mutual misery produces. Our slogan is: "We'll learn French and how." How?

(I hope my English teacher doesn't see this.)

Your French correspondent,
—Edouard Jackson, 12A

MADISON'S POETS

Reveries

I sit alone in the twilight
And watch the snowflakes white
Make queer irregular shadows
Against the pale moonlight.

The waning light in the western sky,
The shining crystals white
Fall like a benediction sweet
Upon my grateful sight.

I ponder the cares that assail me
And thank the good Lord above
For the care he has rendered to me
And the gift of the friend I love.

I see them with memory's eyes
As I live through bygone days.
My thoughts still live, though they are
gone
And my love will last away.

So, as the twilight deepens
And the snowflakes softly fall,
The stars flash out the message
Of peace and love to all.

—Myrtle Willis, 10A-8.

★
A Parody to
"The Great Lover"

These I have loved:
Shiny sun rays through the clear win-
dow beaming,
Brightening the shadows which cling to
the wall;
Sips of cool, crystal water from clear
water-falls;
The crestfallen crunching of downtrodden
snow
Cringly awaiting your steps from
below;
The sad, certain falling of rain on the
street,
Mixing and melting the snow at your
feet.
All these I have loved. All these must
soon go,
Like a straight-shooting arrow from a
tightly drawn bow.
For at life's sunset, when death calls
for me,
I shall leave all these things. They will
cease to be.

—Robert Burr, 11B-1.

Portraits of My Parents

MOTHER

Like everyone else, I adore my mother,
Like her there could never be another.
To me she is all that a woman can be,
She's kind, and gentle, and sweet with
me.

When I come home, and plague her and
tease,
She pretends indignation, and says,
"Ruth, please."
But she is only pretending and does not
care.
Yes, she is one in a million,—she is very
rare.

She really cannot be put into a poem,
Mom's just the kind we like to find
home;
I am glad that I sense that like her
there's no other,—
And I thank Our Father, who gave me
my mother.

DAD

To you he may seem just another Dad,
But to me he's a friend, a critic, a pal.
To others his humor may appear always
glad,
But I, his daughter, have seen him sad.

I like him best when fishing we go,
Then we have fun; our feelings are
never low;
If I catch the biggest fish on my hook,
I cast Dad a very triumphant look.

When we are camping I think it is
grand,
As we, like two boys, survey the land
To pick for our tent some secluded spot,
By a flowing river, a green shady plot.

Together we plan our camp routine,
To make it run like a smooth machine.
Mom does the cooking, Dad cuts the
wood,
I do the dishes—it's inevitable I should.

Then all too soon it is time to return
To the city, its lights, its heat, and its
noise;
Often in winter Dad and I yearn
For the camping days, when we were
"just boys."

One time we went for a wild, wild
ride,—
There were just Dad and I,—I sat by his
side
And felt the thrill of fast moving scen-
ery and objects,
The thrill Dad and I love, but which
Mom rejects.

Once we played baseball in an old empty
lot,
And I sprained my finger,—it hurt a
lot.
Dad took me home and bound it in splin-
ters,
A memory I'll cherish through all the
new winters.

One time Dad and I did a square dance
for all
Our relatives gathered in a huge town
hall;
We laughed and danced as the reunion
roared,—
That occasion a place in my memory has
scored.

I remember when we ran a long hard
race,
My dad reached first the afore set
place,
So together in life we are running a
race,
In which I must strive hard to keep up
with his pace.

To others he may seem just another
Dad,
But another like him in this world can't
be had;
Oh, we've had our laughter, our fun and
our tears,
Which we shall save as memories for all
coming years.
—Ruth Dries, 11B-2.

★
A Portrait of My Mother

She toils and labors all day long,
Then comes home on her lips a song.
I love at night to watch her, strong
And fine, and kind, yet very just,—
Giving the family her hard earned
crust.

With skill she serves fresh bread and
cake,
That smell as nectar gods might make
And taste far better to a hungry boy
Like me.

To bed we children go,
At first hearing only quiet below,
But waiting the tuck, the pat, and the
kiss
That take us children to dreams of bliss.

Then when we wake, the wash is hung
On high, having by her been wrung
While we slept soundly unaware
That she had worked long hours down
stair.

We eat our breakfast—then to play
Or work, which ever comes that day,
Trying to do our part as she
Has patterned for her children three.
—Gordon Young, 11B-3.

THE MADIGRAPH

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Knowing Miss Traver

Talking to Miss Julia Traver would convince anyone that she was a woman who understood the student's problems. On several occasions I had the pleasure of talking to her and she always treated me as a grown person. She told me of her books which she received from the authors whose work she criticized. She also told me of her paintings, some of which had been sent by the painters after her careful study of their pictures.

Miss Traver's interest in school life and parent-teachers' associations was well known. When asked by students for advice, these were her words: "Keep your mind clear and free

from other worries but your school studies."

Students and teachers of Rochester feel that they have lost a true friend in the death of Miss Traver. Though dead she will linger long in the hearts of her friends.

— Augusta Pannoni, 10B-3

The Curse of a Championship

By Ernest Huey

Everyone praises and envies a champion. He has performed a feat marvelously near to perfection. He rides down Main Street in a big car at the head of a great parade in his honor. Huge crowds line both sides of the street for blocks. They throw flowers, confetti, torn paper, and old shoes. The champion smiles and he is very happy.

But alas, his glory leads but to the grave. Another man is found, who can sit in a tree longer or eat more hamburger sandwiches, and the former champion is forgotten.

I am a champion myself, but the fickle crowd fails to recognize my greatness. Uncrowned and unknown, I sleep in a little seat near the back of the room. I am the tardiness champion of Madison. I have been late so much that Mr. Woolston keeps my score on the adding machine in the office, but still no laurel wreath rests on my noble brow.

Forlorn and forgotten, penniless and friendless, I waste myself away eating chocolate sodas and peppermint life savers. If only all the little boys and girls below 12A could profit by my bitter experience, listening to Mr. Roller in the office or sitting in seventh period thinking about why little fishes don't drown before they learn to swim. No! it isn't worth the price. The champion's life is one of fraud and disillusion. The life of satisfaction is not one of striving. The man to be is the champion average man, even if you have to fight to be that man.

STUDENT UNION

By Edmund Burroughs, secretary

Last term the Student Union got off to a good start under the leadership of President John Craft. The Boys' Service Committee, appointed by the president, began the task of organizing the Madison Cadets. Other committees, including the library, school paper, and girls' athletic, functioned in a very satisfactory manner.

The cabinet handled a great many matters, both routine and of greater importance. It approved the president's appointments, elected the managers of the teams, supervised the finances of the Student Union, and took action on many school problems. The members of the Cabinet unanimously went on record as favoring the adoption of a new school Alma Mater. Some progress was made towards this end. The Cabinet and Council both approved the four proposed amendments submitted to them by the President at the last meeting of these two bodies.

Under the leadership of Fred Kester, the new president of the Student Union, the work of this term has been started. At a special meeting of the Council on February 27, a new Cabinet was elected. The student members of the Cabinet are as follows:

Elected members: Fred Blum, 12A-1; Arthur Roach, 12B-1; Herbert Bryant, 11A-1; Fred Holderle, 11B-3; Helen Clark, 10A-2; Winifred Courtney, 10B-1; Katherine Bushner, 9A-1; Kenneth Keating, 9B-16; Mary Elizabeth McClements, 8A-7X; John Heffernan, 8B-1; Richard Nixon, 7A-E.

Automatic members: Milton Brown, 9A-1; Martha Atwood, 9A-1; Edmund Burroughs, 12A-1; Cornelia Guidici, 12A-1.

On Friday, March 3, a vote was taken in all homerooms on the four proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-laws. The tabulation of votes, under the supervision of Mr. Murray, revealed the

adoption of the amendments by an overwhelming majority. The amendments are as follows:

Amendment I—If any Council member fails to attend two consecutive meetings of the Council without a valid excuse, his office shall be declared vacant. It will then be the duty of the homeroom to elect a representative in his or her place. The President shall have the right to determine what constitutes a valid excuse.

Amendment II—If any Cabinet member fails to attend two consecutive meetings of the Cabinet without a valid excuse, his office shall be declared vacant. It will then be the duty of the President to appoint a new Cabinet member in his or her place from the same grade level. The President shall have the right to determine what constitutes a valid excuse.

Amendment III—The By-laws of the Student Union shall be amended in the same manner as provided in Article X of the Constitution.

Amendment IV—Five extra points shall be awarded to each manager and the four members of the girls' athletic committee.

At a special meeting of the Cabinet on March 6, a number of important matters were discussed and acted upon. Athletic finances were talked over and a motion empowering the athletic committee to purchase equipment for the baseball team was passed. Election campaigns and party systems were discussed, and a motion was passed advancing the date of the Council meeting to nominate officers of the Student Union. The drive for a new Madison Alma Mater gained headway with the appointment by the President of Arthur Roach to interview interested faculty members about this matter.

There will be regular meetings of

the Council on the second Monday of each month and of the Cabinet on the third Monday of each month.

DRAMATICS

Elmer

Miss McCarty directed the play, Elmer, and we all appreciate the very good work she did.

Elmer was a one-act comedy, the story of an American boy and a stolen scarf, presenting dramatic material which was fully developed by capable actors.

The cast included Albert Gilbert, playing Elmer, a typically modern American boy whose family life, with three nagging sisters, is just a bowl of 'razzberries'—all take and no give of abuse. Albert showed excellent talent in the 'robber scene,' and at the dinner table. His jests and antics vitalized what would be 'dead spots.' The nagging sisters, Jeanie, Janie, and Susan, played by Martha Bradford, Ruth Harrington, and Anne House, respectively, do fine work—especially Anne—no very pretty girl wants to be termed 'not so attractive' before three thousand people. Kenneth Mason is certainly out of character in portraying the coward, Hubert Brown, but he belies it. I was in the gallery and heard his teeth chattering distinctly. To Catherine West as Mrs. Collier, Ruth Jardine as Miss Pinnery, and Julia Brandon as Fannie Belle, we take off our hats, for minor characters they certainly gave commendable performances.

Elmer was all and even more than one could expect from a high school stage. With the proper proportions of acting and speech it is highly entertaining. Its humor—being evident—is particularly adapted for the high school mind. Everyone concerned with this production has set a standard; we expect great things of our dramatic staff in the future.

Joan D' Arc

A story from the life of Joan D' Arc, the savior of France, was interestingly and very vividly dramatized before the Madison School body March 15. Let us go back to that date.

The hall holds an awed silence—the genius of Miss Holley manifesting itself. On the stage the play moves, relating how Joan, Geraldine Wright, hears divine voices telling her that somehow she is to save France. She tells her parents. Her mother, Jeanette Borgese, listens sympathetically, but her father, Kenneth Mason, is angered and scolds her, for a great war is imminent and he believes that if the authorities should learn of these voices, Joan's life would be endangered. But Joan resolves to go to the king, and, although the scene is not presented, so vivid has the preparation been that we are taken through her tragic and patriotic death with the sureness of being actually related.

With its difficult scenes it required a capable cast to make a good presentation of this play, and Miss Holley certainly chose the capable cast. The work of Geraldine Wright, Jeanette Borgese, and Kenneth Mason was particularly good. William Abelt, playing Pierre (a priest) also gave a worthy performance, as did Alga Vallery, cast as the sister of Joan, but to Robert Crandall, as Edmund, must go the greatest share of praise. It is unusual for a minor character to shine so brilliantly—his acting was superb.

This play, although we have come to accept good plays as "expected," showed its excellence throughout; a religious subject is, lamentably, a dry subject, and to hold the interest of high school students as this did is a worthwhile accomplishment. Our dramatic productions are now the best ever. May the good work last.

—David Dinan, 10A-3.

Checkmate

By Glenn Griffen

On the evening of February twenty-first, the Madison Chess Club team, under the direction of Mr. Harry L. Morrice, opened their spring term campaign with Monroe at the residence of Mr. Hutchinson, active chess director at the latter school. Monroe won the meet by a one game margin, the score being 11 to 9. Jacob Gaudino led the Madison aggregation, winning both his games. Nathan Jones led the opponent's attack by playing a similar role for Monroe. The Madison team and their opponents were: Lenard B. Griffen, Richard Dudley; Leo J. Goldman, John Adler; F. Glenn Griffen, Barbara Fish; Jacob Gaudino, Eugene C. LaVier; Arthur Maid, Nathan Jones.

At the completion of the matches, refreshments were served after which the team members were taken to their respective homes by Mr. Zwick, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Hutchinson. A good time was had by all.

Two chess clubs are now in operation in the school. The junior high under the direction of Mr. John R. Eckhardt and the senior high under the supervision of Mr. Harry L. Morrice. This is expected to strengthen the school chess team by giving the younger players a chance to accustom themselves to the game and obtain experience in competition.

Many promising players have joined the ranks of the Senior High Club and are expected to strengthen the team greatly. Among them are Edmund Burroughs, James Looney, Francis Shevlin, David Goldstein, and Francis Warnock.

Much credit is due Leo J. Goldman and Lenard B. Griffen in their support of the club. Both boys have participated in every tournament Madison has played and have collected twelve and eleven points, respectively, in interscholastic competition.

Jacob Gaudino has proved to be the school's chess sensation by his rapid advancement in the game. He has been playing less than year and is at present member of a school team. In the recent Monroe tournament he upset Eugene C. LaVier, strong Monroe player, by winning two consecutive games. He has proved his superior power in club contests, having scored victories over most of the leading players.

Through the tireless efforts and wholehearted support of Mr. Harry L. Morrice the Madison Chess Club is completing its first year of organization. As a result of this very short period of activity the team has not established a very enviable record, but as it continues it will undoubtedly develop into an organization which will rank high in interscholastic circles. The team in six meets has scored 76 points to 112 for their opponents. They garnered a total of 60 points from Monroe and 16 points from West High. Benjamin Franklin and East High will be played in the near future.

Chess Activities

Smashing through all opposition in his successful attempt to annex the Madison High chess crown, Lenard B. Griffen set a new mark in the club's short history by piling up a total of eighteen victories with no defeats. This accomplishment also gives him the number one position on the school chess team. Leo J. Goldman, runner-up, was right on Lenard's heels all the time and collected a total of sixteen victories, being defeated four times. Leo played masterful chess, defeating many of the favorites and upsetting pre-tournament calculation. The other twenty-one entrants trailed these two leaders, most of them being greatly handicapped by their failure to play the required quota of games.

Follow up "Chess Activities" in the next issue of the Madigraph

WHAT'S WHAT

By Kenneth Mason

Madison has finally been honored (?) by its first sorority. Its name is Pi Delta Epsilon. The girls say it's not a legal sorority and the boys know why not.

A forever-continuing occurrence in said sorority is the case of the girls playing "Second Fiddle." P.P., T.B., and V.B. are no exceptions.

Ed Burroughs is getting some red hot competition from Lenard Griffen, the boy wonder. The young lady concerned is Barbara S.

Talking about hot competition, our cheerleader and our president are staging an interesting struggle in the pursuit of A. W. (Too bad, boys. She goes to West.)

Louie Swift is still trying to find the difference between a hockey stick and a baseball bat. He is aided by those two "stalwart" lads, Herb Wallace and Charlie Bushnell.

Mr. Hathorne's chief hobby is sending "strays" to seventh period.

Anice Ives, the girl from Philly that makes the boys feel silly.

Miss L's fourth period French class is greatly relieved by the arrival of Miss Westfall. (Eastrise to us.)

Ann House has a hard time in getting her brother to call for her at sorority meeting.

No wonder so many boys are late for classes with B. K. in the school.

Marge Brewer and Mary Ellen Johnson are becoming quite accomplished "hall wanderers."

Did Janet Phillips' face get red when she was required to speak a few "choice words" during the rehearsal of a future play!

What took Bob B. and Pat P. so long to walk home from Kay Bushnell's? No, the walks weren't slippery.

Mr. Ernest (Amassa) Huey is seen very often wheedling Miss Clancy to give him one of her small and seldom seen juicy A's*

John Craft, our curly-headed ex-president, still makes the girls give him a second look. At last we've found out why he took a P. G.

Ted Martens with two other culprits unsuccessfully tried to blow the school up on March 14. Too bad, boys, try again sometime.

John Z. Bozza, maestro of Madison's "superb" orchestra, was sent home recently to learn F sharp minor.

So Leland Whyte is that "out of town boy" who took Betty W. to the De Molay dance? Well, Betty was a bit sick that night.

Talking about good times, nobody enjoyed himself more than one of our cheerleaders did on St. Pat's night at the Marigold with "sa nouvelle flamme."

An old pal of ours, Vivian McGuire, has been seen at Madison quite a few times during the basketball season under the able supervision of Harry Melvin.

Paul Paige is coming up in the world. He doesn't blush any more when he sees a girl.

Betty Cole's new boy friend is named Jo-ker.

We wonder how Betty Wallace did like that De Molay without a certain "someone" there?

Theresa Cottone has already attained a position (S. H.) in one term that has taken experts years to obtain.

We wonder if Al Morlante is training to be a Fuller Brushman?

Albert Gilbert is actually being asked to parties by thirteen year old girls now instead of ten. Just think.

And thus boys and girls, the moral that should be taken from this section is, "A rolling stone is worth two in the bush." Also, whenever troubled or forsaken, buck up and say, "I cin take it."

*Editor's note—It can't be done.

Through The Transom

By Edmund Burroughs and
Lenard Griffen

From a report we have heard it would seem as though a certain shop instructor has developed a new method of marking report cards. When one student presented his card to be marked the instructor demanded, "Let me see your hands." The astonished student obediently held out a pair of grimy, greasy paws.

"Well," said the instructor, "guess they are dirty enough. Your mark is B."

We are thinking of taking up a collection for a very worthy cause. The money will be used to buy Mr. Hathorn a set of non-disappearing erasers and a box of unbreakable chalk so that he can pound the blackboard blissfully.

A well known math teacher probably heaved a tremendous sigh of relief when one of his geometry classes finished its year's course. If we had been in this teacher's shoes last term, we would have expected to be "done in" by physical violence any moment. It seems as though he had some not-at-all-friendly enemies in this class who could not be relied upon to use discretion.

We wonder if anyone has noticed the somewhat stern and determined manner of a certain prominent member of the faculty during the last few weeks. As far as we can discover, the cause is either (1) indigestion, (2) worrying over his American history class, or (3) wondering what his homeroom will be up to next.

We have long been aware of the fact that Mr. Droman possesses tremendous poetic ability. In order that everyone may appreciate his accomplishments we quote Mr. Droman:

"He stood on the bridge at midnight.

The night was full of air.

They came and took the bridge away

And left him standing there!"

(Continued on page 16)

ATHLETICS

Basketball

Madison's first Senior High basket-ball season has swiftly passed, and although our team carried away no high honors from its many battles in the league, we somehow feel as though our school has maintained the high standard in athletics and sportsmanship which it has always held and that with the same team we shall be able to worry the other more experienced teams in the coming year.

The team was captained this year by Charley Houck, who did a fine job in carrying out his duties. He played his position so well that he received honorable mention on the all-scholastic team. Two other members of the squad received honorable mention also. They were our two forwards, Bob Stewart and George Reisinger. Other members of the team were Victor Urquhart, Neil Fisher, Adrian Hanna, Albert Bell, Joe Watt, Herb Houghton, Harry Melvin, and Herman Folk-er.

The Reserves had a more successful season than the first team, winning the championship in their league and losing only one game all year. They played consistent ball, winning easily over more seasoned teams. The Reserve team was:

Forwards: Penna, Melvin, Watt, Mac Ginnis; Center, Simpson; Guards: Wosnick, Sylvester, El-wanger, Winkelholz.

The Junior-high squad carried off the first prize in their league as it has done many times before, this year, however, it made an unusual record by winning all of its games. The "Big Three" of the team were "Sam" Mula, forward, "Mike" Argento, forward, and the "elongated" "Frank" Giudici, who played center. During the first part of the season George Reisinger was one of the team's leading players, but he was transferred to the senior team. Other members of the team who are

expected to carry on as well next year are Williams, Pamici, Auten, Ludwig, Briggs, and Aversano.

One of the most exciting and most important games of the year was the Madison-Jefferson game. The line-up was as follows:

Half time: Madison 15, Jefferson 11;
Referee: Carroll; timer: Martens.

MADISON

	G.	F.	T.
R. F. Argento	2	0	4
L. F. Mula	8	0	16
C. Giudici	3	0	6
R. G. Ludwig	4	0	8
R. G. Auten	0	0	0
L. G. Williams	0	1	1
L. G. Aversano	2	0	4
	19	1	39

JEFFERSON

	G.	F.	T.
R. F. Castillano	3	3	9
L. F. Risolo	1	1	3
C. Caruso	0	0	0
C. De Clementine	0	1	1
R. G. Phillips	0	0	0
L. G. Provenzano	4	2	10
L. G. Knell	0	0	0
	8	7	23

Half time: Madison 15, Jefferson 11.
Referee: Carroll; Timer: Martens.
—Robert Burr, 11B-1

Highlights of the 2nd East vs. Madison Basketball Game

With a gym packed with enthusiastic supporters, Madison's basketball team rushed on the floor to receive tremendous applause from the frenzied Madison rooters. The cheerleaders, decked out in long flannel trousers and their bright orange cheerleaders' sweaters, made the rafters ring continually with their cheers to encourage the team. At half time Madison had taken a comfortable lead of 16-10.

As the game started for the second half East High's steves began to find the target and the Madison basket was bombarded with all sorts of shots that usually found their mark. East outscored Madison in the 3rd quarter 14-3. As the fourth quarter was getting under way, Madison's fighting team began to click, and East's forces were

rapidly being overtaken. With one minute and thirty seconds left to play the score read 28-26. With amazing speed the time flew, and after Madison had lost the tip-off and was preparing to take the ball out, the whistle blew with a disheartening sound, ending the most heartbreaking and exciting game of the year. The game was an unusually brilliant one to watch, and the support given to the cheerleaders was by far the best of the season.

In the second game Tech High soundly trounced West High by an overwhelming score. Although the Madison section enjoyed the second game, their joy would have been complete if Madison had been on the long end of the 28-26 score.

—Kenneth Mason, 11A-2

The Madison Senior High "M"

The athletic "M" is given to a student who participates in a certain number of inter-scholastic events for a certain period of time. So far only a few of these emblems have been given out. The following received them:

Neil Fisher, Earl Pearse, George Hamblet, Victor Urquhart, Alfred Morlante, Charles Houck, Robert Stewart, Albert Bell, Ray Deitreich, Louis Izzo, Louis Spiotti, Dan Pooley.

Swimming

Swimming did not play a very big part in inter-scholastic athletics this year although a few meets were run off. Madison ran in all its meets, three in all, but won none of them. However the swimmers had a good time and did fairly well considering the fact that it was their first try in that line. The members of the swimming team were: Lyons; Taylor, O'Connell, Updike, Roach, Sweet, Haire, Grah, and Vosdyke.

Some Fun is in Sight, Girls!

On Wednesday, March 8, the Girls' Athletic Committee, consisting of the club managers and the members of the Standing Committee met to discuss plans for the Athletic Banquet. The date was tentatively set for April 11, 1933. Committees were appointed and the following girls were appointed chairmen: Decoration and Entertainment, Esther Powell; Reception, Rosemary Seiler; Food, Theda Gerard; Publicity and Finance, Peggy Rathbun. The other members of the Athletic Committee will serve on the committees. Cornelia Guidici is the general chairman of the banquet. Each club, will have its own table appropriately decorated. Any girl who has earned fifteen points in one of the clubs since last September and who has a quarter to spend for a good time is entitled to a chair and dinner. We hope to make this an annual event. If it goes over with a Bang! the first time, we will surely continue to make it an annual event. So come on out, girls, you're sure to have a good time.

With the discontinuation of the swimming pool, the number of clubs has been reduced. Ping Pong has also been dropped. Incidentally Marjorie Parker and Marjorie Aex won the Ping Pong tournament last term after some hard battles with the other teams. The following girls are managers of the different clubs this term: Grace Ward, Seventh Grade Basketball; Elizabeth Whitney, Eighth Grade; Doris Willey, Ninth Grade; Freda Gerard, Senior High; Martha Tillman, 10A-9, Tap Dancing.

—Peggy Rathbun.

The class of January 1935 elected the following officers: president, William Peer; vice-president, Joe Cole; secretary, Betty Wallace; treasurer, Robert Burr.

Through the Transom

(Continued from page 14)

We witnessed a fine example of loyalty the other day in American history class. When Herb (what a man!) Houghton gave the "A. & P." and "Hart's" as examples of competitors, "Hank" Jungk, who works for the "A. & P.," scornfully retorted, "Aw, Hart's don't give the "A. & P." any competition!" Such loyal devotion to his employers should rate "Hank" a raise in pay.

We doubt very much if a certain English teacher's experience as an instructor in a private school for girls has fitted her for the job of impressing upon a group of very red-blooded boys the value of studying certain types of poetry.

Our definition of an optimist—a teacher who relies on a certain sign in the front of the room for results. In case you don't already know that sign bears the single word, "THINK."

We wonder if you knew that Ken Mason, Madison's great actor, is not only the father of Joan of Arc but Madame Perrichon as well. Ask Miss Lauderdale about it.

Now, that the basketball season is over, we expect that Bob Stewart will become the star hitter of the baseball team.

Through different sources we have learned that a prominent shop teacher is becoming quite noted for his stories, humorous and otherwise, with which he entertains his students. To hear him is a liberal education indeed!

We have heard from reliable sources that the electric shop is no stamping ground for "horse-players, I. W. W.'s, or delegates." If caught within the confines of the shop they will be sentenced to hard labor at the "long end of a broom" and later requested to "shut the door from the outside." Don't say we didn't warn you! (Apologies to Mr. McCord).

Around Madison's Corridors:

By Martha Bradford

Helen Peake thinks that Syracuse University is the school, for more reasons than one—and her sister, Olive, is equally as fond of the Arnett Theater. Maybe it's spring!—Notice: The Library Club is now going blithely on its way minus about six of its former members—Warren Rogers and Kenny Mason are thanking their lucky stars for the new Traffic Squad. It gives them a perfect right to leave Latin early and appear at French class after the bell rings.—Miss Cosgrove has a few choice ideas about people who work jig-saw puzzles—but nevertheless she hasn't yet denied that she does them!—"Ad" Gravelin's newest hobby is sitting on tables in the lunchroom. And do some people ever get disgusted!—Don't blame me for this one—Fisherman — (to Englishman): When I'm fishing and I find a place where they're biting, I cut a notch in the side of the boat so I'll know the place next time.—Englishman: But, by Jove, what would happen if you didn't get the same boat next time?—Maybe some people aren't dumb!—Just ask "Shorty" Chamberlain about the Rochester Chapter of the Anti-Superstition Society of America, (is that a mouthful!) and watch him swell up! Once he starts to talk about it, nothing can stop him.—But after all, it may be something to be proud of.—Takes a lot of nerve for some people to break a mirror before an Algebra exam!—We wish somebody would take time out and think of some good excuse that the teachers would believe!—Hand us your contributions and we'll try 'em out! P. S. Please enclose return postage for those that don't work!—We've transferred our affections from accordions to Scotch terriers. Remember the one in "Elmer"?—

Static of MADISON

by D. CASE -
J. FEDERICO

A MADISON STUDENT OPEN LETTER
DEAR RUTH:

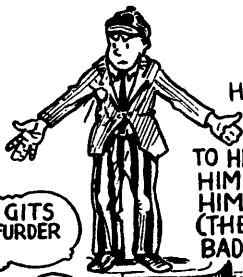
I LOVE YOU MORE AND
MORE AND MORE EACH DAY. I'D
CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN;
SWIM THE WIDEST SEA; AND TAKE
SEVENTH PERIOD THE REST OF THE
TERM, TO BE, JUST BY YOU.

YOUR MOST DEVOTED ROMEO,
JAMES

P.S. IF IT DOESN'T RAIN TUESDAY
I MIGHT BE OVER.

YA KNOW SOMETHIN'
AWTER BE DONE ABOUT
THIS RUNNIN' IN THE HALL.
CAUSE WHEN I KETCH THE
GUY! ETC ETC ETC.

EVEN JIG-
SAW PUZZLES
IN THE STUDY
HALLS ARE GO-
ING OVER BIG



HERE IS ONE OF THE
FLATFOOTS OF
MADISON. HE IS THERE
TO HELP US AND LET'S HELP
HIM BY COOPERATING WITH
HIM. (THEY SURE KEEP THEIR
BADGE SHINING)

GE DIS TING GIT'S
LIGHTER DE FURDER
YA CARRY IT!



JOHN KELLY -
POLICE COMMISSIONER OF MADISON



Watch this page

LET'S LIGHTEN
HIS BURDEN
BY COOPERATION

(WAS'NT THAT DEPRESSION TERRIBLE!)



